

HORRORS OF WAR SHOWN TO PROMOTE PEACE

Unique Museum Established at Lucerne, Switzerland, by the Late Jean de Bloch, the Great Peace Apostle

Object Lessons of the Cost of War in Lives and Treasure by Which He Hoped to Render It Impossible



ENGLISH AND BOERS.



PAINTING SHOWING THE HORRORS OF WAR.



MAXIM GUN CORPS IN THE ALPS.

LUCERNE, March 1.—The tourist who has not halted for a year or two at Lucerne will not be a little surprised when leaving from the railway station he sees hard beside it, and also hard beside the deep blue lake, a new building of medieval aspect, in perfect keeping with the antique Mussegg towers that are a feature of the city.

Turreted, battlemented, bastioned, closer observation shows that despite its warlike aspect it is ivy wreathed, speaking of peace rather than battle, and that moreover it is adorned with frescoes, some of which speak eloquently rather of the olive than of the battleaxe. And where in the outer decorations warfare is indicated it is that noblest form, the defence of the hearth and home, here adumbrated in William Tell and Arnold Winkelried, the two heroes of Swiss independence.

In a word this attractive looking pile—which, low be it spoken, though it looks as though it were of stone is only of staff, thus built for the sake of economy—is nothing more nor less than the famous Peace and War Museum of Mr. Jean de Bloch, the great peace apostle, the kind of museum, only much enlarged, that he had hoped to show at the last Paris exposition, reluctantly abandoning the idea because he could not get the necessary accommodation.

M. de Bloch's efforts on behalf of universal peace, his liberality in furthering his propaganda, his famous book "Is War Impossible?" his influence upon the present Czar and the consequent installation of the Hague Tribunal are matters now familiar to all, though before 1895 his name was almost unknown outside the Slavonic world. Very justly did Mr. Stead call him "the Russian Cobden," for what Free Trade was to Cobden a conception of the approaching extinction of war was to M. de Bloch.

Put briefly, M. de Bloch's arguments may be condensed in this wise: A modern war must be a long war and a long war must necessarily result first in starvation and then in revolution. It is therefore indispensable to provide some means of settling disputes other than an appeal to a tribunal which would not give a decisive verdict before the costs of the procedure had reduced the litigants to bankruptcy and involved them in social chaos.

But besides writing, talking, lecturing on this great thesis, that in the course of a time not too far distant war will be no more, owing to the operation of natural causes, M. de Bloch believed in the education of the eyes as well as the ears. He rightly grasped the fact that the mass of men learn by their eyes rather than by their ears. Hence this War and Peace Museum, the tangible

outcome of his faith. And he chose Lucerne as the fittest place wherein to erect it because it sits on the great cosmopolitan highroad and is a focus of international intercourse.

It was to stand there as a testimony that in an age which is an age of intercourse hostilities and stranger would not forever remain synonyms. It was to be and is, a practical and permanent illustration of M. de Bloch's theories. It is sad to record that the founder died just a few months before, in June, 1902, the museum was opened in the presence of the most eminent representatives of the peace movement, on which occasion was celebrated a feast of concord such as Lucerne will long remember.

And now the museum stands there, open to all, an object lesson to the people who, as M. de Bloch constantly repeated, will "never understand unless they see things with their own eyes." In a series of sections it illustrates the historic development of warfare on land and sea, and at the same time shows graphically its economic consequences, furnishing also an outlook into a future when the nations, having realized the true conditions of their material and moral welfare, no longer settle their differences by blood, but by arbitration.

Very eloquently by facts and figures, diagrams and dioramas and also by a cinematographic adjunct, it is brought before us how for over three thousand years there falls on an average but one year of peace

against thirteen of warfare. To-day the whole so-called civilized world is armed to the teeth and with view exceptions, such as that of England, it is the nation itself that is in arms not as of old a military of paid mercenaries. And what is the economic burden the statistician alone knows, though here in the museum it is explicitly brought home to the spectator by a series of diagrams that tell a tale of wasteful expenditure of men, material and human energy.

Who is to make the first move toward disarmament? The museum furnishes a reply to the intelligent observer.

Subtly it demonstrates by pictures and trophies how the ages of Cabinet wars are ended, how, contrary to the will of the people, even the mightiest monarchs, provided their State be civilized, can no longer carry on a war.

To educate this will, to bring it into the right channels, is the grand task that the Lucerne Museum has set itself. Every phase of war, from earliest times, is brought before the eye. It is for the visitors' own intelligence to draw the conclusions.

As might be expected the collection is arranged in historical sequence, and this sequence brings home once more the brutal as well as murderous nature of modern warfare, in which combatants rarely come face to face and in which feats of personal courage, of valor and, above all, of chivalry are not called forth so easily as in the days of fighting at close quarters. As weapons

increase in potency and intricacy, so the men who wield them become more and more mere machines. Mankind really in a sense stood at a higher point of civilization when he fashioned his own weapons for his own needs than now, when they are turned out by the gross. In those times a weapon was an heirloom that passed from father to son and possessed an individual character.

The huge entrance hall of the museum is styled the Hall of Arms, and here can be seen in chronological order the earliest methods of defence with which man provided himself, ranging from slings, boomerangs, rude hammers, flint arrow heads, crossbows, to every form of firearm from

matchlock muskets to Maxim guns. There is an instructive exhibit showing the development of the infantry rifle. It consists of five groups, each of which brings before our notice the weapons and ammunition used during the stated period. Targets and sketches illustrate the firing velocity and representations of the trajectory illustrate the power of the weapons.

The shooting effect of the different weapons is explained by shots on steel plates of 1 mm. thickness, placed 30 mm. behind each other. The number of pierced plates increases with the firing capacity of the improved weapons. Experiments are also shown made on wrought iron plates placed

at 3 m. range, also in soft and hard wood and in soft clay.

Upon skulls and models of the human form are demonstrated the effect of various kinds of bullets and it is shown why, explosive bullets, poisoned bullets and above all the dum-dum have been prohibited by The Hague convention. Taken as a whole, the wounds caused by modern weapons are cleaner and more easily and quickly cured than those inflicted early last century. Many a man recovers so rapidly that without running away he can live to fight another day.

The effect upon field surgery of the new firearms has been very marked, and though in one sense it complicates the surgeon's work in another it makes it easier, for the need for immediate attention is often less urgent and the wounded can be removed to the field hospitals for proper attention.

A series of photographic pictures showing the working of the ambulance service from the battle field to the military hospital demonstrates how invaluable and indispensable is the voluntary aid given by the Red Cross organizations just because of these increased tactical difficulties, because nowadays in time and space the need for aid will be more concentrated. Briefly, in a technical sense the work has become easier; in a tactical sense the difficulties are enormously increased.

Yet another section is devoted to army organization and auxiliary services. Here can be seen graphic exhibits of transport equipments, mobilization and marching. Terrible in their uncommodated simplicity are the tables that show the burden of military duty in different lands, the pressure of obligatory service in different lands and, above all, the yearly cost of

peace in the armies and navies of different lands; also the cost of war in the second half of the nineteenth century and the estimated cost of a future European war.

The influence of the railway upon war has of course been revolutionary and is amply illustrated. It is therefore not a little amusing to read the verdict given by a Prussian staff officer in 1841, wherein he says that despite the sanguine hopes entertained regarding the effect of mobilization of railways it is ever more evident that they can be of no help or influence in time of war, showing once again how unsafe it is to prophesy before the event.

An entire wing of the museum is reserved for the naval exhibit, where by means of models can be seen the whole story of ship construction and development, from Roman triremes to the last armored battleship built by Vickers & Maxim for the Japanese. Nor are the torpedoes or torpedo boats absent or the mines that have done such havoc in the present Russo-Japanese War. It is shown how they are constructed, laid, exploded.

The section devoted to tactics and strategy by means of pictures and relief plans demonstrates the whole history of land defence from early ages down to the Boer war. Following the directions of Viollet le Duc the entire history of a fortress is shown, also in relief, intermixed with drawings, beginning with its rise as a Gallic camp and ending with the same track of ground as fortified by Vauban. Arranged in this way, the plans of fortifications as practised to-day, that is, movable fortifications, not fixed, such as the Boers upraised and used so efficiently.

In short, not a division of this great subject is lacking, and no trouble nor expense has been spared to make the collection complete and to keep it up to date. It reads its lesson and tells its tale with directness.

DELICATESSEN FOR THE RICH.

FOOD AVAILABLE ON HURRY CALL FOR MILLIONAIRES.

There Are Canned Ducks at \$9 a Can. Preserves at \$12. Larks and Thrushes at \$15. Twenty-six Kinds of Nuts and French Peaches Wonderful to Behold.

Ordinary folks no longer have a monopoly of that institution known as the delicatessen shop. The rich also are now able to procure food on a hurry call. They must be very rich, too, if they would buy it from the expensive shop opened for their benefit.

Everything in the shop, except the terrapin, comes from Europe. On the centre table—the place has no such commonplace attribute as a counter—are cans of preserved game, which in the testimony of those who have eaten it retains in a marvellous degree the taste of the freshly cooked birds. Even if it did not, there would be some compensation for the loss of one flavor when another so delicious as the French sauce is substituted.

The large oval tins contain cold ducks. They are ready to be eaten so soon as they are taken out of the tin. A thick layer of aspic surrounds them.

These ducks may be eaten either hot or cold. It is more economical to eat them cold, but the persons who patronize this delicatessen shop do not think of price. One of these ducks may be made to do for twenty persons, if it is sliced in the jelly. When it is heated and served on plates less of the meat can be used. But every person at the table does not need one of the nine-dollar ducks. That might be too expensive, even for a millionaire.

There are partridges preserved in the same way, which may be made to serve for six persons when they are cut up cold at supper or luncheon. Orlans, snipe, quail—all of these are preserved for the wealthy in the same delicious fashion.

The patrons of the delicatessen shop are varied in appearance. There are women in furs who sweep up in their brogues and women of much humbler appearance in plain dresses, but with the air of authority that is acquired after having kept a millionaire's house in order for years. Then there are black-eyed French chefs, talking in their own tongue to the proprietor, and grave English butlers.

"For those who do not want such large birds as ducks," explains the proprietor, "who is very proud of the work he has done in introducing these French delicacies into this country," there are my little birds without bones."

Then he shows a succession of tin boxes containing larks, woodcock and thrushes. "How many Americans ever eat a thrush?" "They come, you see," he says holding up the smallest of the tins, "in different

sizes. One may buy a box containing only one lark, or one thrush. Or he may get one containing three or six birds. These all come from an establishment that was founded in France in 1643."

Of all the expensive dishes brought here from France the costliest is the Boemian pheasant, which sells for \$12. But this is in the form of a galantine, and so is the Rouen duck that costs \$10 a tin. French partridges in galantine cost \$6, while an ordinary chicken is worth \$6. So you will see none of the galantines is cheap.

There are many kinds of pâté de foie gras. These are made of more kinds and shades of yellow than most persons could distinguish between. Among the meat pâtés there is a lark pie of a kind that was made as long ago as 1699 by the same firm that manufactures it now.

In addition to these dishes there are various novelties to add flavor to meats, soups or sweets. There are little crabs filled to add as a garnish to a very elaborately cooked fish, roosters' kidneys for sauces and no less than twenty-six kinds of little nudels for soups. These are made in different designs and colored to suit the particular soup in which they are to be placed.

In the fruit sauces there are raspberries, strawberries, apricots, gooseberry and green gage, made in Paris out of the fresh fruits and not colored in the least. These fruit sauces may be used for any puddings, although they are best known in connection with the peaches known as pêche Meiba or pêche flambee.

The peaches of which they serve as a sauce come from Nice and are wonderful to behold. They average five inches in diameter. They are to be found only in this part of France.

Smaller in size are the peaches wholly red, which look like mammoth strawberries. To make the peaches serve as a garnish they should be heated and put into a chafing dish with a sauce of either raspberries or strawberries. Enough rum should be added to make the sauce flame as it is brought on the table.

"Just think of those anchovies," said with unction the proprietor of this millionaire delicatessen shop. "They come straight from the Mediterranean to New York."

"Then look at that Italian hors d'œuvre. How those Italians do love to mix things together! In that peccot, as they call it, there is a mixture of salmon anchovies, olives, pimentoes and tunny-fish. The slices are thin, and the anchovies are the little hearts of artichokes soaked in oil."

In those varicolored cans about the walls are dishes ready to be eaten after they have been dipped into hot water and brought to the right temperature. They are such solid and bourgeois dishes as "Chocroule garsie de Strasbourg," which means sauerkraut served with sausage and a piece of boiled pork; snails à la Bordelaise, which is a very highly flavored preparation of a dish that Americans have never learned to like; sheep's feet cooked in a rich cream sauce, guaranteed to be fresh; tripe à la mode de Caen, beloved of the French; rabbit sauté that needs only to be heated and put on the table; file of hare, highly spiced and peppered; calves' head and even frankfurter sausages. One need only pop them into boiling water long enough to have them ready for the table.

THE OLDEST BELFRY IN AMERICA

It is the Seven-century-old Fir Tree, Eight Feet Thick, That Forms the Spire of St. Peter's Church, Tacoma.

The oldest belfry in the United States and one of the oldest church towers in the world, is the spire of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, in the outskirts of Tacoma.

This church supplies also what is perhaps the first case on record in which a congregation selected a belfry and built the rest of the church around it. Although the spire is made entirely of wood, it is now 700 years old, and will probably be standing when many comparatively new iron and steel belfries have been razed.

Forty years ago the pioneers of Tacoma organized a church society. They selected a site for their place of worship in a forest of Douglas fir trees that skirted the shore of Puget Sound and stretched inland for many miles. Out of these immense, shaggy-barked trees that towered upward for 200 feet without a branch below the upper half, they chose one eight feet in diameter to serve as the steeple.

When the branch bearing portion of the tree had been cut away to prevent the falling of limbs in case of a storm, there was left a bare trunk nearly 100 feet high. Beside it there was built a plain little structure. The bell was fastened to the tree and the little church, with its enduring steeple, was complete.

In later years the women of the congregation planted English ivy at the base of the tree, which in time not only shrouded the steeple in a thick green cloak, but crept through the church windows until finally the inner walls and ceiling were covered. When the roof had become mossy green, St. Peter's formed a picture of ivy and beauty more appreciated by the artists who soon came to know it than by the little congregation itself.

The ivy covering of the steeple was so thick that for years the tunes of the bell scarcely penetrated through the leafy blanket. Recently the hindering foliage has been cut away, and the belfry has again become useful as well as ornamental.

The rector of St. Peter's, known to the fishermen as Capt. Stubbs the sky pilot, spends most of his time in a launch on the Sound ministering to his flock, which is composed largely of fishermen. He is a little English dominie with strict ideas on Sunday observance.

Not long ago the boatmen among whom he labored held a Sunday regatta in sight of the church, the proceeds to be used for the purchase of a new launch for Capt. Stubbs. When the committee handed over an ample sum Capt. Stubbs declined it, at the same time delivering a little lecture on

Sunday regattas which put an end to them. Then he set to work and built a launch himself and went about his pastoral duties with more vigor than before.

Although St. Peter's was at one time in the heart of the village of Tacoma, unfriendly

To-day the hostile Indians have disappeared, and even the city of Tacoma itself seems to have abandoned the church with its ancient tower. It is surrounded by a few little dwellings, occupying the section of Tacoma known as Old Town. The busi-



THE OLDEST BELFRY IN AMERICA.

Slavish Indians manifested such strong disapproval of churchgoing pioneers that a trusty shotgun came to be regarded as necessary to the church service as the Bible and hymn book.

ness part of Tacoma is three miles away, but one of the buildings to which Tacamans point with pride when explaining the superiority of their city over Seattle is St. Peter's Church.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Presentment of Danger.

From the Kansas City Journal. In a sermon last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Rudy, pastor of the First Christian Church in Sedalia, used the following anecdote to illustrate a point:

"About ten years ago I talked with a man in Henry county, Mo., who gave me this peculiar experience of his. He said: 'I was ploughing corn, and about the middle of the afternoon, when I came to the end of the field, I had a peculiar sense of dread or fear. I unhooked my team and drove home. I could give little reason for what I was doing, but I was in the middle of the afternoon—but I was not home ten minutes until I was hurrying my wife and children into a cyclone cave. Our little house was swept away, and had I not followed what seemed a vague impulse my family might have been killed.'"

Wedding Ring Found on Harrow.

From Reynolds's Newspaper. A blacksmith at Asbury, near Stamford, had made a most curious discovery. He received from a neighboring farmer a harrow for repairs, and while these were being executed a 22 carat gold wedding ring was found sticking on to one of the teeth of the implement. It is supposed that the ring was lost on a land and that it was picked up by the harrow in the course of its work.

Twin Stem of Tobacco.

From the Georgetown Times. Mr. Helm Morgan, of White Sulphur district, showed the Times a twin leaf of tobacco—a perfect specimen. The two stems firmly united show distinctly right up to the stalk. How many growers or handlers of tobacco have ever seen such a freak?

Brothers Mustn't Fight in Mexico.

From the Mexican Herald. Buckets of holy water were sprinkled about their homes yesterday by residents of Don Toribio street who saw two brothers fighting and believe that it pertained the calamitous appearance of the Wandering Jew, who will come and bring misfortune to all unscared away by the holy water. Whenever two brothers disagree and come to blows, it is said, the Wandering Jew shortly appears and asks for room and board in some family living on the street, always repaying his accommodations by causing the death of some members of the family.

Old Man Kept Eleven Rattlesnakes as Pets.

Nashville correspondence Indianapolis News. Joshua Flenner, age 80 years, keeps a den of rattlesnakes at his home near Richards post office, this county. He has made pets of snakes ever since he was a boy. He has eleven rattlesnakes in his den, and experienced some difficulty in caring for the serpents during the cold weather. Flenner lives in an old fashioned house with the back wall of the fireplace on the outside of the building. The den, built of stones, was made with the chimney place as one of the

walls. The reptiles were placed in this den during the cold weather, and only one died this winter as a result of the cold.

Sometimes, when the chimney made the den too warm, the serpents would become angry and fight one another. The snakes were all captured by Flenner in the woods near his home, and they are all timber rattlers, a species which is becoming rare in this State.

Apple Tree in Full Bloom.

From the Lebanon Daily News. From Henry J. Frank Smith of Annville Lebanon county, here a precocious apple tree in his yard which is in full bloom. The tree seems to be a freak of nature, as it blossoms about this time every spring, but never bears any apples.

Girl's Pointed Prayers.

From the London Daily Dispatch. At Holywell, Flint, the revival has produced a remarkable praying girl, who is a domestic service. Dressed in black, with black gloves and hat, and a long plait of dark hair down her back, she nightly attends the prayer meetings, and as regularly offers prayers. She has taken to naming those for whom she prays, and after giving her judgments on the lives of young men whom she mentions by name, she prays for them.

Has No Hands, but Threads Needles.

Pulaski correspondence Nashville Banner. During her babyhood Emma Lou Lawson, now 14, lost both hands by amputation, made necessary by necrosis of the wrist bones. The little miss is an exceedingly bright child, an orphan, and notwithstanding her physical disability, can write a beautiful hand and work examples in arithmetic. She can thread a needle almost as quickly as anyone, and sews well. All this, coupled with her cheerful disposition, makes her a favorite with all who know her.

Overlooked a Fortune.

From Harper's Magazine. The man with whom the writer bunked—a sober, industrious young fellow—engaged in working a lease with several partners. They had a shaft 150 feet in depth and "drifted" from the bottom in their search for gold, until not a penny was left in their treasury. They had discovered absolutely nothing. The shaft was abandoned and all were obliged to go to work for wages. Day after day they had dug their coats across a monster dorsal fin of dark, volcanic rock, outcropping from the hill near by, and given it never a thought. That ledge of rock was fabulously rich, made necessary by necrosis of the wrist bones. The ledge of hopeless looking porphyry on top of the ground and found it fairly shot full of gold. They channelled it out, as run might channel for a ditch, and removed over fifty sacks of ore worth \$400 a sack.

Difference Between Them.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. "I understand," said the tourist from the East, "there was some difference to-day between Big Bill and Red Hankins." "They're considerable difference," replied the native. "Bill's alive and Red's dead." "Yes, but what was the difference between them?" "Bill was quicker on the trigger than Red's all."